My love as deepe, the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite:
I heare some noise within, deare Love adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Rom. O blessed, blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Jul. Three words deare *Romeo*, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I'le procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rites,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'le lay,
And follow thee my Love throughout the world. Madam.
I come anon: but if thou meanst not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soule.
Jul. A thousand times good-night.
Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy sight.
Love goes toward love as Schoole-boyes from their bookes,
But love from love toward Schoole with heavie lookes.
Enter Juliet *againe.*
Jul. Hist *Romeo*, hist: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound Lovers tongues by night?
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
Jul. Romeo.
Rom. My Deere.
Jul. What a clocke to morrow

Shall

Shall I send to thee?
Rom. By the houre of nine.
Jul. I will not faile, 'tis twentie yeer
I have forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou rem
Jul. I shall forget to have thee still st
Remembring how I love thy company.
Rom. And 'Ile still stay, to have thee
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would h
And yet no farther than a wantons bir
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted gy
And with a silken thred plucks it backe
So loving jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cheris
Good night, good night,
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be mo
Ro. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, pea
Would I were sleepe and peace so swee
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close
His helpe to crave, and my deere hap t

Enter Frier alone with

Fri. The grey ey'd morne smiles on t
Checkring the Eastern clouds with stre
And fleckeld darkenesse like a drunkard
From forth dayes path, and *Titans* burn
Now ere the sunne advance his burning
The day to cheere, and nights danke de
I must upfill this Osier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious juic
The earth that's natures mother in her
What is her burying Grave, that is her